



CAMP
OTOREKE
SONG

1. OTOREKE CAMP SONG..
(To tune of "Sierra Sue")

Oh! Lake so blue at Otoreke,
And Suez too, so clear and cool,
I long for you dear Otoreke
Where fun and frolic is the rule,
The sunny days and evening coolness,
Are such a boon from city heat,
I'll go each year to Otoreke,
And love it more each time we meet.

2. THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND.

There'll always be an England,
While there's a country lane,
Wherever there's a cottage small
Beside a field of grain.

There'll always be an England
While there's a busy street,
Wherever there's a turning wheel
A million marching feet.

Red, white and blue,
What does it mean to you?
Surely you're proud, shout it aloud,
Britons a-wake,
The Empire too, we can depend on you,
Freedom remains, these are the chains,
Nothing can break --

There'll always be an England,
And England shall be free,
If England means as much to you
As England means to me.

3. LAND OF HOPE AND GLORY.

Dear Land of Hope, thy hope is crown'd,
God make thee mightier yet!
On Sov'ran brows, belov'd, renown'd,
Once more thy crown is set.
Thine equal laws, by Freedom gained,
Have ruled thee well and long;
By Freedom gained, by truth maintained,
Thine Empire shall be strong.

Land of Hope and Glory, Mother of the
Free,
How shall we extol thee, who are born
of thee?
Wider still and wider shall thy bounds
be set;
God, who made thee mighty, make thee
mightier yet. (repeat)

4. I AM A CANADIAN.

On the street, in the home,
In a crowd, or alone,
Shout! Wherever you may be,
I AM A CANADIAN,
I am from the heart of me.
Rich or poor, young and old,
Let this message be told,
Shout! Wherever you may be,
I AM A CANADIAN,
I'm proud of my liberty.
In the factory, in the mill,
Through each valley, from each hill,
Raise your voice and let's give
Canada a thrill!
On the farms, in the schools,
Let's have one set rules,
Shout! Wherever you may be,
I AM A CANADIAN,
I am, every part of me.

5. THE ROAD TO MANDALAY.

By the old Moulmein Pagoda,
Looking eastward to the sea,
There's a Burma girl a-settin',
And I know she thinks o' me.
For the wind is in the palm trees,
And the temple bells they say,
"Come you back you British soldier;
Come you back to Mandalay,
Come you back to Mandalay."

On the road to Mandalay,
Where the old flotilla lay,
Can't you hear their paddles chunkin,
From Rangoon to Mandalay.
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flying fishes play,
And the dawn comes up like thunder,
Out of China 'crost the bay.

6.

WOT CHER!

Last week down our alley come a toff,
Nice old geezer with a nasty cough,
Sees my missus, takes 'is topper off
In a very gentlemanly way!
"Ma'am", says he, "I 'ave some news to tell,
Your rich Uncle Tom, of Camberwell,
Popped off recent, which it ain't a sell,
Leaving you 'is little donkey shay."

"Wot cher!" all the neighbours cried,
"Who're yer goin' to meet, Bill?
Have yer bought the street, Bill?"
Laugh! I thought I should 'ave died,
Knock'd 'em in the Old Kent Road.

Some says nasty things about the moke,
One cove thinks 'is leg is really broke,
That's 'is envy, 'cos we're carriage folk,
Likes the toffs as rides in Rotten Row.
Straight, it woke the alley up a bit,
Thought our lodger would 'ave 'ad a fit
When my missus, who's a real wit,
Says, "I 'ates a Bus because it's low!"
Wot cher, etc.

When we starts the blessed donkey stops,
He won't move, so out I quickly 'ops,
Pals start whackin' 'im, when down he drops,
Someone says he wasn't made to go.
Lor' it might 'ave been a four-in-'and,
My old Dutch knows 'ow to do the grand;
First she bows, and then she waves 'er 'and,
Callin' out "We're going for a blow!"
Wot cher, etc.

Ev'ry even' on the stroke of five,
Me and Missus takes a little drive;
You'd say "Wonderful they're still alive"
If you saw that little donkey go.
I soon showed 'im that 'e'd 'ave to do
Just whatever he was wanted to;
Still, I shan't forget that rowdy crew
'Ollerin' "Woa, steady, Neddy, Woa!"
Wot cher, etc.

7.

GREEN GROW THE RUSHES - HO

Solo 1 - I'll sing you one-ho!
Chorus - Green grow the rushes - ho!
Solo 2 - What is your one-ho?
Solo 1 - One is one and all alone and
evermore shall be so.

7.

Solo 2 - I'll sing you two-ho!
(Chorus) Green grow the rushes ho!
Solo 1 - What are you two-ho?
Two, two, the lily-white boys, clothed
all in green-ho
One is one and all alone and evermore
shall be so.

Three, three, the rivals,
Four for the Gospel makes,
Five for the sybols at your door
Six for the six proud walkers,
Seven for the seven stars in the sky,
Eight for the April rainers.
Nine for the nine bright shiners.
Ten for the ten commandments
Eleven for the eleven went up to Heaven
Twelve for the twelve Apostles.

8.

DRINK TO ME ONLY.

Drink to me only with thine eyes
And I will pledge with mine.
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sip
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much hon'ring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not wither'd be;
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me,
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself but thee!

Believe me if all those endearing young
 charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly today,
Were to change by tomorrow and fleet in my
 arms,

It is not while beauty and youth are thine
own,
And thy cheek unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be
known,
To which time will but make thee more dear.
No, the heart that has truly loved never
forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun flower turns to her God, when he
sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose.

I love you truly, truly, dear,
Life with its sorrow, life with its tear,
Fades into dreams when I feel you are near,
For I love you truly, truly, dear.

Ah! love, 'tis something to feel your kind
hand,
Ah! yes, 'tis something by your side to
stand;
Gone is the sorrow, gone doubt and fear,
For you love me truly, truly, dear.

Calm o'er the ocean blue moonlight is
 shining,
And with its silver light, stray cloud is
 lining;
While from the blue expanse, fair stars are
 gleaming,
Over the night beneath, in sweetness beaming.
Come pretty maiden, look from thy lattice,
 love,

List to the boatmen, chanting and rowing,
As o'er the stream they glide, borne by
the rolling tide,
Santa Lucia, Santa Lucia.

Soft o'er the fountain, ling'ring falls
the southern moon;
Far o'er the mountain, breaks the day too
soon.
In thy dark eyes' splendor, where the warm
light loves to dwell,
Weary looks, yet tender, speak their fond
farewell.
Nita, Juanita, ask thy soul if we should
part,
Nita, Juanita, lean thou on my heart.

When in thy dreaming, moons like those
shall shine again,
And daylight beaming, prove thy dreams are
vain;
Wilt thou not, relenting, for thine absent
lover sigh!

. In thy heart consenting to a pray'r gone by.
Nita, Juanita, let me linger by thy side,
Nita, Juanita, be my own fair bride.

Once in the dear, dead days beyond recall,
When on the world the mists began to fall,
Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng,
Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet
 song;
And in the dusk where fell the firelight's
 gleam
Softly it wove itself into our dream.

Just a song at twilight, when the lights
are low,
And the flick'ring shadows softly come and
go;
Tho' the heart be weary, and the day be
long,
Still to us at twilight comes love's old
g. song,

Comes love's old sweet song.

18. LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART.

Let me call you sweetheart
I'm in love with you;
Let me hear you whisper
That you love me too.
Keep the love-light glowing
In your eyes so true;
Let me call you sweetheart
I'm in love with you.

20. SMILES.

There are smiles that make us happy,
There are smiles that make us blue,
There are smiles that steal away the
tear-drops
As the sunbeams steal away the dew,
There are smiles that have a tender
meaning,
That the eyes of love alone may see,
And the smiles that fill my life with
sunshine
Are the smiles that you give to me.

21. THERE'S A LONG LONG TRAIL.

There's a long, long trail a-winding,
Into the land of my dreams,
Where the nightingales are singing,
and the white moon beams;
There's a long, long night of waiting,
Until my dreams all come true;
Till the day when I'll be going down,
That long, long trail with you.

22. JOHN PEEL.

D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gray?
D'ye ken John Peel at the break of day?
D'ye ken John Peel when he's far, far away,
With his hounds and his horn in the morn-
ing?

'Twas the sound of his horn brought me
from my bed,
And the cry of the hounds has me oft-
times led;
For Peel's "View Halloo" would awaken the
dead,
Or a fox from his lair in the morning.

Yes, I ken John Peel and auld Ruby too,
Ranter and Royal and Bellman as true;
From the drag to the chase, from the chase
to the view,
From the view to the death in the morning.
'Twas the sound of his horn, etc.

23. THE GALWAY PIPER.

Ev'ry person in the nation, -
Or of great or humble station, -
Holds in highest estimation
Piping Tim of Galway.
Loudly he can play or low;
He can move you fast or slow;
Touch your hearts or stir your toe,
Piping Tim of Galway.

When the wedding bells are ringing, -
His the breath to lead the singing, -
Then in jigs the folks go swinging,
What a splendid piper!
He will blow from eve to morn,
Counting sleep a thing of scorn,
Old is - he but not out-worn,
Know you such a piper?

When he walks the highway pealing, -
Round his head the birds come wheeling, -
Tim has carols worth the stealing,
Piping Tim of Galway.
Thrush and linnet, finch and lark,
To each other twitter, "Hark"!
Soon they sing from light to dark
Pipings learnt in Galway.

24. ANNIE LAURIE.

Maxwellton's braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true.
Gave me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee.

Her brow is like the snowdrift,
Her throat is like the swan;
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on.
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e'e,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing
Her voice is soft and sweet.
Her voice is soft and sweet,
And she's all the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee.

25.

LOCH LOMOND.

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie
braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomon'
Where me and my true love were ever wont
to gae,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomon':
O ye'll tak' the high road and I'll
tak' the low road,
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye,
But me and my true love will never
meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch
Lomon'.

'Twas there that we parted in yon shady
glen,
On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lomon',
Where in purple hue, the Hieland hills we
view,
And the moon coming out in the gloaming.
O ye'll tak' the high road, etc.,

The wee birdies sing and the wild flowers
spring,
And in sunshine the waters are sleeping,
But the broken heart, it kens nae second
spring again,
Though the waefu' may cease frae their
greeting.
O ye'll tak' the high road, etc.

26.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE

Gin a body meet a body,
Comin' thro' the rye,
Gin a body greet a body,
Need a body cry?
Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Nane, they say, hae I:
But a' the lads they smile on me
When comin' thro' the rye.

Gin a body meet a body,
Comin' frae the well,
Gin a body kiss a body
Need a body tell?
Ilka lassie, etc.

Gin a body meet a body,
Comin' frae the town,
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body gloom?
Ilka lassie, etc.

26.

Amang the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e mysel',
But whaur his hame, or what his name,
I dinna care to tell.
Ilka lassie, etc.

27.

AULD LANG SYNE.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days of auld lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my dear
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

28.

ROAMIN' IN THE GLOAMIN'.

Roamin' in the gloamin' on the bonnie
banks o' Clyde,
Roamin' in the gloamin' wi' my lassie
by my side.
When the sun has gone to rest,
That's the time that we love best,
O' it's lovely roamin' in the gloamin'.

29.

MY WILD IRISH ROSE.

My wild Irish rose,
The sweetest flow'r that grows;
You may search ev'rywhere, but none can
compare
With my wild Irish rose.
My wild Irish Rose,
The dearest flow'r that grows,
And some day for my sake, she may let me
take,
The bloom from my wild Irish rose,

30.

COCKLES AND MUSSELS

In Dublin's fair city, where girls are so
pretty,
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow through
streets, broad and narrow,
Crying, Cockles and mussels: alive, alive
oh!
Alive, alive, oh! alive, alive, oh!
Crying, Cockles and mussels, alive,
alive, oh!

30.

She was a fishmonger, but sure 'twas no
wonder,
For so were her father and mother before;
And they each wheeled their barrow
through streets, broad and narrow,
Crying, Cockles and mussels! alive, alive,
oh!
Alive, alive, oh! etc.

She died of a faver, and no one could
save her,
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone;
Her ghost wheels her barrow through
streets, broad and narrow,
Crying, Cockles and mussels! alive, alive
oh!
Alive, alive, oh! etc.

31.

MOTHER MACHREE.

Sure, I love the dear silver that shines
in your hair,
And the brow that's all furrowed and
wrinkled with care,
I kiss the dear fingers so toil-worn for
me,
Oh, God bless you and keep you, Mother
Machree!

32.

AN ERISKAY LOVE LILT.

When I'm lonely, dear white heart,
Black the night or wild the sea,
By love's light my foot finds
The old pathway to thee.

Chorus: Vair me crovan o
Vair me oro van ee
Vair me o-ru a ho
Sad am I without thee.

Thou'rt the music of my heart,
Harp of joy, oh cruit mo crhidh,
Moon of guidance by night,
Strength and light thou'rt to me.

33.

THE ROSE OF TRALEE.

The pale moon was rising above the
green mountain,
The sun was declining beneath the blue
sea,
When I strayed with my love to the pure
crystal fountain,
That stands in the beautiful vale of
Tralee:

Chorus:

She was lovely and fair as the rose
of the summer,
Yet t'was not her beauty alone that won
me,
Oh no! 'Twas the truth in her eye ever
dawning,
That made me love Mary, The Rose of
Tralee.

The cool shades of evening their mantle
were spreading,
And Mary all smiling was listening to me,
The moon through the valley her pale rays
was shedding,
When I won the heart of the Rose of
Tralee.

34.

COME BACK TO ERIN.

Come back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen,
Come back Aroon, to the land of thy birth,
Come with the shamrocks and springtime,
Mavourneen,
And it's Killarney shall ring with our
mirth.
Sure when we lent ye to beautiful England,
Little we thought of the lone winter days,
Little we thought of the hush of the
star-shine
Over the mountain, the buffs and the bays!

Chorus:

Then come back to Erin, Mavourneen,
Mavourneen,
Come back again to the land of thy birth,
Come back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen,
And it's Killarney shall ring with our
mirth.

35.

BILLY BOY.

Where have you been all the day, Billy Boy,
Billy Boy,
Where have you been all the day me Billy
Boy,
I've been walking all the day with me
Charmin' Nancy Grey
And me Nancy kittl'd me fancy, O me charmin'
Billy Boy.

Is she fit to be yor wife, Billy Boy,
Billy Boy?
Is she fit to be yor wife, me Billy Boy?
She's as fit to be me wife, as the fork is
to the knife,
And me Nancy, etc.

Can she cook a bit o' steak, Billy Boy,
Billy Boy?
Can she cook a bit o' steak, me Billy Boy?
She can cook a bit o' steak, Aye, and myek
a gairdle cake,
And me Nancy, etc.

Can she make an Irish stew, Billy Boy,
Billy Boy?
Can she make an Irish stew, me Billy Boy?
She can make an Irish stew, aye, and singin'
hinnies too,
And me Nancy, etc.

Can she make a cherry pie, Billy Boy,
Billy Boy?
Can she bake a cherry pie, me Billy Boy?
She can bake a cherry pie, quick as you can
wink your eye,
And me Nancy, etc.

36.

BLOW THE MAN DOWN!

Oh, blow the man down, bullies, blow the
man down,
To me way-ay, blow the man down!
Oh, blow the man down, bullies, blow him
away,
Oh, gimme some time to blow the man down.

As I was awalking down Paradise Street,
To me way-ay, blow the man down!
A Liverpool bobby I chanced for to meet,
Oh, gimme some time to blow the man down.

36.

Says he, "You're a Blackballer by the cut
of your hair;"
To me way-ay, blow the man down!
"I know you're a Blackballer by the clothes
that you wear."
Oh, gimme some time to blow the man down!

"You've sailed in a packet that flies
the Black Ball",
To me way-ay, blow the man down!
"You've robbed some poor Dutchman of boots,
clothes and all",
Oh, gimme some time to blow the man down!

"O policeman, policeman, you do me great
wrong;"
To me way-ay, blow the man down!
"I'm a 'Flying Fish' sailor just home from
Hongkong!"
Oh, gimme some time to blow the man down!

They gave me six months in Liverpool town,
To me way-ay, blow the man down!
For kicking a p'liceman and blowing him
down,
Oh, gimme some time to blow the man down!

37. WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH A DRUNKEN SAILOR?

What shall we do with a drunken sailor
(thrice)

Early in the morning.
Hooray an' up she rises, (thrice)
Early in the morning.

Put him in the long-boat until he's sober
(thrice)

Early in the morning.
Hooray, etc.

Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe
on him (thrice)
Early in the morning.
Hooray, etc.

Heave him by the leg in a running
bowlin' (thrice)
Early in the morning.
Hooray, etc.

Tie him to the taffrail when she's yard-
arm under (thrice)
Early in the morning.
Hooray, etc.

38. BOUND FOR THE RIO GRANDE.

Solo. I'll sing you a song of the fish
of the sea.

Chorus. Oh Rio.

Solo. I'll sing you a song of the fish
of the sea

Chorus. And we're bound for the Rio Grande.
Then away, love, away,
'Way down Rio,
So fare ye well my pretty young gel,
For we're bound for the Rio Grande.

Solo Sing good-bye to Sally, and good-bye
to Sue,
Lines And you who are listening, good-bye
to you.

Our ship went sailing out over the Bar,
And we pointed her nose for the
South-er-en Star.

Farewell and adieu to you ladies of
Spain,
And we're all of us coming to see you
again.

I said farewell to Kitty my dear,
And she waved her white hand as we
passed the South Pier.

The oak, and the ash, and the bonnie
birk tree
They're all growing green in the North
Countrie.

39. THE DEAD HORSE.

Solo. A poor old man came riding by,
Chorus. And they say so, and they hope so,
Solo. A poor old man came riding by.
Chorus. Oh, poor old man.

2. I said, "Old man, your hoss will
die." (twice)

3. And if he dies I'll tan his skin.
(twice)

4. And if he lives you'll ride again.
(twice)

5. I thought I heard the skipper say.
(twice)

39.

6. Oh, one more pull and then belay.
(twice).

7. A poor old man came riding by. (twice)

40. FIRE DOWN BELOW.

Fire in the galley, fire down below,
It's fetch a bucket o' water, girls,
there's fire down below.

Fire, fire, fire down below,
It's fetch a bucket o' water, girls,
there's fire down below.

Fire in the fore-top, fire in the main;
It's fetch a bucket o' water, girls,
and put it out again.

Fire, fire, etc.

Fire in the fore-peak, fire down below;
It's fetch a bucket o' water, girls,
there's fire down below.

Fire, fire, etc.

Fire in the windlass, fire in the chain;
It's fetch a bucket o' water, girls,
and put it out again.

Fire, fire, etc.

Fire up aloft, and fire down below;
It's fetch a bucket o' water, girls,
there's fire down below.

Fire, fire, etc.

41. THE BANKS OF SACRAMENTO.

Solo. Boston city is afire,
Chorus. With a hoodah, and a doodah.
Solo. Boston city is afire,
Chorus. Hoodah, doodah day.
Blow, boys, blow, for Califor-nye-o.
There's plenty of gold, so i've
been told,
On the banks of Sacramento.

2. We're bound away at the break of
day. (twice)

3. The rose is red; the violet's blue;
O Amble girls we all love you.

4. Sally Brown, she's come to town.
Sally Brown's got a new silk gown.

42. HAUL AWAY JOE.

- 1) Way, haul away. We'll haul away the
 bowlin'.
Way, haul away. Haul away Joe.
- 2) Way, haul away. The packet is a-rollin'.
Way, haul away. Haul away Joe.
- 3) Way, haul away. We'll hang and haul
 together.
Way, haul away. Haul away Joe.
- 4) Way, haul away. We'll haul for better
 weather.
Way, haul away. Haul away Joe.
- 5) Once I had a nigger girl, and she was fat
 and lazy.
Way, haul away. Haul away Joe.
- Then I had a Spanish girl, she nearly druv
 me crazy.
Way, haul away. Haul away Joe.
- Gordie Charlton had a pig, and it was
 double-jointed.
Way, haul away. Haul away Joe.
- He took it to the blacksmith's shop to
 get its trotters pointed.
Way, haul away. Haul away Joe.
- King Louis was the King of France before
 the Revolution.
Way, haul away. Haul away Joe.
- King Louis got his head cut off, and
 spoiled his Constitution.
Way, haul away. Haul away Joe.
- Oh when I was a little boy and so my
 mother told me.
Way haul away. Haul away Joe.
- That if I didn't kiss the girls my lips
 would all go mouldy.
Way, haul away. Haul away Joe.
- Oh once I had a scolding wife, she wasn't
 very civil,
Way, haul away. Haul away Joe.
- I clapped a plaster on her mouth and sent
 her to the divvle.
Way, haul away. Haul away Joe.

43. ICH BIN IN MUSIKAUT.

Ich bin in musikaut
Ich kum von showbeetin.
Ich kin mien Vaterland
Ich kon spielen.
Vous kaun du spielon?
Ich kaum spielen
Aufa miener viola
trumpa
picolo
trumpa bass
drums
tootla sax
triangle

44. WORKING ON THE RAILROAD.

In 1891 the railroad company was begun,
The railroad company was begun,
Working on the railroad.

Chorus:

Patsy-atsy-ory-ay,
Patsy-atsy-ory-ay,
Patsy-atsy-ory-ay,
Working on the railroad.

In 1892 I found myself with nothing to do,
I found myself with nothing to do,
Working on the railroad.

In 1893 the railroad company hired me,
The railroad company hired me,
Working on the railroad.

In 1894 I found my back was very sore,
I found my back was very sore,
Working on the railroad.

In 1895 I found myself more dead than alive,
I found myself more dead than alive,
Working on the railroad.

In 1896 I found a keg of dynamite sticks,
I found a keg of dynamite sticks,
Working on the railroad.

In 1897 I found myself on the way to heaven,
I found myself on the way to heaven,
Working on the railroad.

50. THE LITTLE SKUNK'S HOLE.

I stuck my head in the little skunk's
hole,
The little skunk said, "Why bless my
soul!
Take it out, take it out, take it out
Or remove it.

I didn't take it out and the little skunk
said
"If you don't take it out, you'll wish
you were dead,
Take it out, take it out, take it out
I removed it!

51. YIP-I-DEE.

Mary had a little lamb,
Yip-I-Dee, Yip-I-Dee,
She fed that lamb on apple jam,
Yip-I-Dee, Yip-I-Dee.
The lamb turned out to be a ram,
But Mary didn't give two hoots,
Yip-I-Dee, -I-Dee-I-Die,
Yip-I-Dee, Yip-I-Die,
Yip-I-Dee-I-Die.

A man lay on his dying bed,
Yip-I-Dee, Yip-I-Die,
To his wife and family said,
Yip-I-Dee-I-Die,
My temperature is a hundred and four,
But where I'm going is a darn sight more,
Yip-I-Dee-I-Dee-I-Die,
Yip-I-Dee, Yip-I-Die,
Yip-I-Dee-I-Dee-I-Die,
Yip-I-Dee-I-Die.

52. THE BELLS OF HELL.

Oh the goofus bird flies backwards,
He can take it on the chin,
He don't care where he's going,
But he likes to see where he's been.

Chorus:

Oh the bells of hell go tin-a-ling-a-ling,
For you and not for me,
For you I hear the angels sing,
They are the goods for me.
Oh death where is thy sting-a-ling-a-ling,
Oh grave thy victory?
For you I hear the angels sing,
For you and not for me.

52.

I eat my peas with honey,
I've done it all my life,
It makes the peas taste funny,
But it keeps them on the knife.

53. MARTHA.

Oh! Arthur what have you done to Martha,
She's not the same girl now,
Oh, Arthur, poor Martha
She's faded right away somehow
She had a figure that was trim and neat,
Now she's like a skewer that has wan-
dered from its meat,
Oh, Arthur, what have you done to Martha,
Martha's not the same girl now.

54. WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH A SLEEPY CAMPER?

What shall we do with a sleepy camper
(3 times)

Early in the morning.

Heave ho and up she rises (3 times)

Early in the morning.

Soak him with a pillow when it's full
of feathers.

Pull off the covers and chill him all
over.

Yell in his ear that it's time for
breakfast.

Get a chunk of ice, lay it softly on him.

Leave him in his blankets till the food's
all done.

55. IT AIN'T NO FAULT OF MINE.

They say that Mary had a lamb,
It's fleece was oh so white,
But everywhere that Mary went,
The fleas would always bite.

Chorus:

Oh it ain't no fault of mine,
Oh it ain't no fault of mine,
If the garlic makes the baby strong,
It ain't no fault of mine.

I saw a legless man today,
I thought that he was sick,
I said how are you getting on?
He said "Boy I can't kick".

Chorus:

Oh it ain't no fault of mine,
Oh it ain't no fault of mine,
If my cow don't give condensed milk,
Why, it ain't no fault of mine.

My sister tore her stockings once,
The poor girl in her woes,
She ran out in the garden and
She took the garden hose.

Chorus:

Oh it ain't no fault of mine,
Oh it ain't no fault of mine,
If we have moonshine without the moon,
It ain't no fault of mine.

A crazy cat said to a mouse,
Why do I get the slip?
The mouse said to the crazy cat,
Because I'm not catnip.

Chorus:

Oh it ain't no fault of mine,
Oh it ain't no fault of mine,
If a tuna fish is out of tune,
It ain't no fault of mine.

My mother put the kid to bed,
Because he wouldn't mind,
And when he left I saw he had
A little "bear" behind.

Chorus:

Oh it ain't no fault of mine,
Oh it ain't no fault of mine,
If a duck goes on a wild goose chase,
It ain't no fault of mine.

56. YOU CAN'T GET TO HEAVEN.

You can't get to heaven on roller skates,
You'll roll right by the pearly gates.

Chorus:

Oh you can't get to heaven on roller-
skates,
You'll roll right by the pearly gates.

2nd Chorus:

Oh I ain't a-gonna grieve my lord no more,
I ain't a-gonna grieve my lord no more,
I ain't a-gonna grieve my lord no more.

You can't get to heaven in cellophane,
You've got to go the way you came.

You can't go to heaven on a Bleury street
car,
'Cause the gosh-darn thing don't go that
far.

You can't go to heaven in an Otoreke boat,
'Cause the goll-darn things don't stay
afloat.

You can't go to heaven on a pair of skis,
'Cause you'll swish right by St. Peter's
knees.

If you get to heaven before I do,
Just bore a hole and pull me through.

You can't go to heaven if you're name is
Nell,
'Cause St. Peter will ring the bell.
etc, etc.

57. THERE'S A FLY ON BABY'S BEAN.

I climbed up to a window,
A second-storey window,
And sprained my eyebrow on the window-sill.
Go get the axe,
There's a fly on baby's bean,
And a boy's best friend is his mother,
No other.

Vo-Do-Dee-0, 0-Dee-0-Dee-0,
And a boy's best friend is his mother,
No other.

57.

One day we went a-hunting,
To get a baby bunting,
We met a skunk, and this is what he said,
A snake's belt slips,
'Cause he hasn't any hips,
And a boy's best friend is his mother,
No other.

When we came up a-camping,
The girls we started sampling,
To see which one could entertain us best,
And now we agree, in all finality,
That a boy's best friend is his mother,
No other.

58. WHISTLE WHILE YOU WORK.

Just whistle while you work,
(whistle)
Put on that grin & start right in
To whistle loud and long.

Just hum a merry tune,
(hum)
Just do your best and take a rest,
And sing yourself a song.

When there's too much to do,
Don't let it bother you,
Forget your trouble
Try to be just like the cheerful chickadee,
And whistle while you work (whistle)
Come on, get smart, tune up and start
To whistle while you work.

59. HEIGH-HO.

Heigh-ho, Heigh-ho! to make your troubles
go,

Just keep on singing all day long
Heigh-ho, Heigh-ho, Heigh-ho,
Heigh-ho, Heigh-ho, for if you're feeling
low,

You positively can't go wrong,
With a heigh-heigh-ho!

Heigh-ho, Heigh-ho, it's home from work
we go,

(whistle)

Heigh-ho, Heigh-ho, Heigh-ho,
Heigh-ho, Heigh-ho, all seven in a row,
(whistle)
With a Heigh-Heigh-ho!

60. DOWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM.

Down by the old mill stream, where I first
met you,
With your eyes of blue, dressed in gingham,
too,
It was there I knew that you loved me true,
You were sixteen, my village queen, by
the old mill stream.

61. THE OLD PINE TREE.

They cut down the old pine tree,
And they hauled it away to the mill,
To make a coffin of pine
For that sweetheart of mine,
When they cut down the old pine tree.

She's not alone in her grave tonight,
For there my heart will always be,
For we drifted apart
And they cut down my heart,
When they cut down the old pine tree.

62. THE OLD APPLE TREE.

Oh! the old apple tree in the orchard
Lives in my memory
'Cause it reminds me of my Pappy
He was handsome, young and happy
When he planted the old apple tree.

Then one day Pappy took Widder Norton
Out on a jamboree
And when he took her home at sun-up
Brother Norton raised his gun up
And chased Pappy up in the tree.

When the neighbours came after my Pappy
Up in the tree was he
The neighbours took a rope and strung him
By the neck and then they hung him
To a branch of the old apple tree.

Now my poor Pappy lies in the orchard
Out of his misery
They put the apples in a basket
Chopped the tree down for a casket
And my poor Pappy's gone with the tree.

Chorus:

Say "Good-bye", Say "Good-bye"
Say, "Good-bye", to the old apple tree,
If my Pappy had a knowed it,
He'd be sorry that he growed it,
'Cause he died on the old apple tree.

63. THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN.

There is a tavern in the town, in the town,
And there my dear love sits him down, sits
 him down,
And drinks his wine 'mid laughter free,
And never, never thinks of me.

Chorus:

Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,
Do not let the parting grieve thee,
And remember that the best of friends must
part, must part,
Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu,
adieu,
I can no longer stay with you, stay with
you,
I'll hang my heart on a weeping willow tree,
And may the world go well with thee.

He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark
Each Friday night they used to spark, used
to spark,
And now my love, once true to me,
Takes that dark damsel on his knee.

Oh, dig my grave both wide and deep, wide
and deep,
Put tombstones at my head and feet, head
and feet,
And on my breast carve a turtle dove,
To signify I died of love.

64. SADDLE YOUR BLUES TO A WILD MUSTANG.

Saddle your blues to a wild mustang,
And gallop your troubles away, away, away, Chorus:
away. Tavili

Lopin' along with a cowboy song,
You'll fill up on sunshine all day, all
day, all day.

No worry worries you while you've got the drop.

Keep ridin' high and wide and don't ever
stop.

Those orn'ry mav'ricks need a strong,
steady hand.

Yip'em up, round 'em up, trip 'em up, tie
 'em up,

Use your brand.

Saddle your blues to a wild mustang,
And gallop your troubles away, away, away,
away, away.

65. HOME ON THE RANGE.

Oh, give me a home, where the buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Chorus:

Home, home, on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play;
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Give me a land where the bright diamond sand,
Flows leisurely down the stream,
Where the graceful, white swan goes glid-
ing along,
Like a maid in a heavenly dream.

The air is so pure, the zephyrs so free,
The breezes so balmy and bright,
That I would not exchange my home on the
range,
For all of the cities so bright.

66. TWILIGHT ON THE PRAIRIE.

When it's twilight on the prairie,
Where the pale blue violets hide,
I sit and long for you dear,
Just to have you by my side.
In dreams I see you smiling,
Thro' eyes of heavenly blue,
When it's twilight on the prairie,
I am thinking dear of you.

Chorus :

Twilight on the prairie,
Cattle cease to roam,
I'm swinging in my saddle,
Down the trail to home, sweet, home.

As I'm riding in the twilight,
On the rolling prairie wide,
I'm swaying in my saddle,
My guitar hangs by my side.
The air is filled with fragrance,
From flowers in full bloom,
When it's twilight on the prairie,
On the golden night in June.

I am thinking as I linger,
Where once we used to stray,
Of songs we sang together,
Long before our parting day,
My lonely heart is aching,
For days that once we knew,
When it's twilight on the prairie,
I am dreaming dear of you.

67. SHE'LL BE COMIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN.

She'll be comin' 'round the mountain when
she comes, (when she comes),
She'll be comin' 'round the mountain when
she comes, (when she comes),
She'll be comin' 'round the mountain,
She'll be comin' 'round the mountain,
She'll be comin' 'round the mountain when
she comes.

She'll be drivin' eight white horses when
she comes, (when she comes),
She'll be drivin' eight white horses when
she comes, (when she comes),
She'll be drivin' eight white horses,
She'll be drivin' eight white horses,
She'll be drivin' eight white horses when
she comes.

We will all be out to meet her when she
comes, (when she comes),
We will all be out to meet her when she
comes, (when she comes),
We will all be out to meet her,
We will all be out to meet her,
We will all be out to meet her when she
comes.

68. A GAY CABALLERO.

I am a gay Caballero,
Coming from Rio Janiero
With nice oily hair
And full of hot air,
I'm an expert at shooting the bullo.

I'm seeking a fair Senorita,
Not thin and yet not too much meata,
I'll woo her a while
In my Argentine style,
I'll carry her off of her feeta.

I'll tell her I'm of the Nobillio,
And live in a great big Castillio,
I must have a miss
Who'll long for a kiss
And not say oh don't be so sillio.

69. ABDUL, THE BULBUL AMEER.

The sons of the Prophet are hardy and bold,
And quite unaccustomed to fear;
But of all, the most reckless of life or
of limb,
Was Abdul, the Bulbul Ameer.
When they wanted a man to encourage the van,
Or to shout "Hul-la-loo!" in the rear,
Or to storm a redoubt, they straightway
sent out,
For Abdul, the Bulbul Ameer.

There are heroes in plenty and well-known
to fame,
In the ranks that are led by the Czar;
But the bravest of all was a man of the name
Of Ivan Petrofski Skovar.
He could imitate Irving, play euchre or pool,
And perform on the Spanish guitar;
In fact, quite the cream of the Muscovite
team,
Was Ivan Petrofski Skovar.

One morning the Russian had shouldered his
gun,
And put on his most cynical sneer,
When, going down town, he happened to run
Into Abdul, the Bulbul Ameer.
Said the Bulbul, "Young Man, is existance
so dull
That you're anxious to end your career?
For infidel, know that you've trod on the
toe
Of Abdul, the Bulbul Ameer."

Said the Russian, "My friend, your remarks
in the end
Will only prove futile, I fear,
For I mean to imply you are going to die,
Mr. Abdul, the Bulbul Ameer."
The Bulbul so bold, swore a swear, it is told
Which brought people in crowds from afar
Then, fiercely intent upon slaughter, he
went
For Ivan Petrofski Skovar.

But just as his knife was ending his life -
In fact, he had shouted "Huzza!"
He felt himself struck by that subtle Calmuck
Bold Ivan Petrofski Skovar.
When the Sultan rode up the disturbance to
quell,
Or to give to the victor the cheer,
He arrived just in time to take hasty farewell
Of Abdul, the Bulbul Ameer.

69.

There's a grave where the wave of the
And on it, engraven so clear,
Is, "Stranger, remember to pray for the
Of Abdul, the Bulbul Ameer."
But a Muscovite maiden her vigil doth
In her home 'neath the cold northern star
And the name she so tenderly murmurs in
Is "Ivan Petrofski Skovar."

71.

Chorus:

With her head tucked underneath her arm she
walks the Bloody Tower!
With her head tucked underneath her arm at
the Midnight Hour,
She comes to haunt King Henry, she means
giving him "what for"!
Gad Zooks! she's going to tell him off for
having split her gore,
And just in case the Headsman wants to give
her an encore,
She has her head tucked underneath her arm!

70.

THE OLD SOW.

There was an old man who had an old sow,
-- ow -- ow -- how-diddle-dow
There was an old man who had an old sow,
Lassa - for - al - doray.

With her head tucked underneath her arm she
walks the Bloody Tower!
With her head tucked underneath her arm at
the Midnight Hour.
Along the draughty corridors for miles and
miles she goes,
She often catches cold, poor thing, it's cold
there when it blows,
And it's awfully awkward for the Queen to
have to blow her nose,
With her head tucked underneath her arm!

Chorus:

Oh! Susanna's a funny old man
-- an -- an -- and
Susanna's a funny old man.

Now this old sow had nine little pigs,
-- igs -- igs -- iggly-wiggs
(Repeat first line)
Lassa - for - al - doray.

Sometimes gay King Henry gives a spread,
For all his pals and gals, a ghostly crew.
The headsman carves the joint and cuts the
Bread,

They tried to jump over the garden wall,
- all -- all -- all-diddle-dall
(Repeat first line)
Lassa - for - al - doray

Then in comes Ann Boleyn to "queer" the "do";
She holds her head up with a wild war whoop,
And Henry cries "Don't drop it in the soup"!

Chorus:

They couldn't jump over the garden wall
-- all -- all -- all-diddle-dall
(Repeat first line)
Lassa - for - al - doray.

With her head tucked underneath her arm she
walks the Bloody Tower!
With her head tucked underneath her arm at
the Midnight hour.
The sentries think that it's a football that
she carries in,

71. WITH HER HEAD TUCKED UNDERNEATH HER ARM

In the Tower of London, large as life,
The ghost of Ann Boleyn walks, they
Poor Ann Boleyn was once King Henry's
wife

And when they've had a few they shout "Is
Ar-s'nal going to win?"
They think it's Alec James, instead of poor
Ann Boleyn
With her head tucked underneath her arm.

Until he made the Headsman bob her hair!
Ah yes! he did her wrong long years ago,
And she comes up at night to tell him so.

.....

71.

With her head tucked underneath her arm she
walks the Bloody Tower!
With her head tucked underneath her arm at
the Midnight hour.
One night she caught King Henry, he was in
the Canteen Bar,
Said he "Are you Jane Seymour, Ann Boleyn or
Cath-'rine Parr?
For how the sweet san fairy ann do I know
who you are,
With your head tucked underneath her arm!

72. GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK.

My grandfather's clock was too large for
the shelf,
So it stood ninety years on the floor,
It was taller by half than the old man
himself,
Though it weighed not a penny-weight more
It was bought on the morn of the day that
he was born,
And was always his treasure and pride.
But it stopp'd short, never to go again,
When the old man died.

Chorus:

Ninety years, without slumbering, tick, 74.
tock, tick, tock,
His life seconds numbering, tick, tock,
tick, tock,
It stopped short never to go again,
When the old man died.

73. BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the
coming of the Lord,
He is trampling out the vintage where the
grapes of wrath are stored,
He hath loos'd the fateful lightning of
His terrible, swift sword,
His truth is marching on.
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
His truth is marching on!

73.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a
hundred circling camps,
They have builded Him an altar in the
ev'ning dews and damps,
I have read His righteous sentence by the
dim and flaring lamps,
His day is marching on.
Glory, glory, Hallelujah, etc.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burn-
ish'd rows of steel,
"As ye deal with My contemners, so with
you My grace shall deal,"
Let the Hero born of woman crush the ser-
pent with His heel,
Since God is marching on.
Glory, glory, Hallelujah, etc.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall
never call retreat,
He is sifting out the hearts of men, before
His judgment seat;
O be swift, my soul, to answer Him, be
jubilant, my feet,
Our God is marching on.
Glory, glory, Hallelujah, etc.

CLEMENTINE.

In a cavern, in a canyon
Excavating for a mine,
Dwelt a miner, forty-niner,
And his daughter Clementine.
Oh my darling, Oh my darling,
Oh my darling Clementine,
Thou art lost and gone forever,
Dreadful sorry Clementine.

Light she was and like a fairy,
And her shoes were number nine;
Herring-boxes, without topes,
Sandals were for Clementine,
Oh my darling, etc.

Drove she ducklings to the water,
Ev'ry morning just at nine;
Hit her foot against a splinter,
Fell into the foaming brine.
Oh my darling, etc.

.....

74.

Saw her lips above the water
Blowing bubbles mighty fine;
But alas! I was no swimmer,
So I lost my Clementine.

Oh my darling, etc.

In a corner of the churchyard,
Where the myrtle boughs entwine,
Grow the roses in their posies
Fertilized by Clementine.

Oh my darling, etc.

Then the miner, forty-niner,
Soon began to peak and pine;
Thought he "oughter jime" his daughter,
Now he's with his Clementine.

Oh my darling, etc.

In my dreams she still doth haunt me,
Robed in garments soaked in brine;
Though in life I used to hug her,
Now she's dead I'll draw the line.

Oh my darling, etc.

How I missed her, how I missed her,
How I missed my Clementine!
But I kissed her little sister,
And forgot my Clementine.

Oh my darling, etc.

75.

ONE MORE RIVER.

The animals went in one by one,
There's one more river to cross!
The elephant chewing a carraway bun,
There's one more river to cross!

One more river and that's the river of 76.

Jordan,

One more river, and that's the river to
cross.

The animals went in two by two,
There's one more, etc.
The crocodile and the kangaroo,
There's one more, etc.

The animals went in three by three,
There's one more, etc.
The tall giraffe and the tiny flea,
There's one more, etc.

75.

The animals went in four by four,
There's one more, etc.
The big Hippopotamus stuck in the door,
There's one more, etc.

The animals went in five by five,
There's one more, etc.
The bees mistook the bear for a hive,
There's one more, etc.

The animals went in six by six,
There's one more, etc.
The monkey was up to his usual tricks,
There's one more, etc.

The animals went in seven by seven,
There's one more, etc.
Said the ant to the Antelope, "Who are
you shovin'?"

There's one more, etc.

The animals went in eight by eight,
There's one more, etc.
Some were early and some were late,
There's one more, etc.

The animals went in nine by nine,
There's one more, etc.
They all formed fours and marched in line,
There's one more, etc.

The animals went in ten by ten,
There's one more, etc.
If you want any more you must sing it again,
There's one more, etc.

THE DARKY SUNDAY SCHOOL

Come young folks, come old folks,
Come everybody come,
Join our ducky Sunday School and,
Make yourselves at home.
Please to park your chewing gum with
Rastas at the door
And you will hear some Bible stories
That you've never heard before.

.....

76.

Jonah was a mariner so goes the Bible
tale,
He tried to cross the ocean in the
Belly of a whale,
So Jonah pressed the button and
The whale gave up his lunch.

Moses was a mariner too since he was
very small
His Mother built him a boat of reeds that
didn't leak at all,
She pushed him into the river without too
much ado,
And from then there on Moses had to
paddle his own canoe.

Samson was a strong man of the
John O'Sullivan School,
He killed a thousand men or more with the
jaw bone of a mule,
Delila took him home one day and filled
him full of gin,
Then she cut his golden locks and the cops
they hauled him in.

Daniel was a touch guy, wouldn't bow be-
fore the King,
The King said he would be darned if he
would stand that kind of thing
They threw him to the lions away down
deep beneath,
But Daniel was a dentist and pulled out
all their teeth.

77. IN THE EVENING BY THE MOONLIGHT.

In the evening by the moonlight,
You could hear those darkies singing,
In the evening by the moonlight,
You could hear those banjos ringing,
How the old folks would enjoy it,
They would sit all night and listen,
As we sang in the evening by the moonlight.

78. ON MOONLIGHT BAY.

We were sailing along,
On Moonlight Bay,
I could hear the darkies singing,
They seemed to say,
You have stolen her heart,
Now don't go 'way,
As we sang Love's Old Sweet Song
On Moonlight Bay.

79.

SHORT 'NIN BREAD.

Put on de skillet, put on de lead,
Mammy's goin' to bake a little Short'nin
bread,
Dat ain't all - she's goin' to do,
Mammy's goin' to make a little coffee too.

Chorus:

Mammy's little baby loves short'nin,
short'nin,
Mammy's little baby loves short'nin bread.
(repeat)

Three little darkies lyin' in bed,
Two waz sick an' de other mos' dead!
Sent fo' de doctor - de doctor said,
Feed dose darkies on short'nin bread.

I slip to de kitchen, slip up de bead,
Slip ma pockets full of short'nin bread.
Stole de skillet, stole de lead,
Stole de gal making short'nin bread.

Dey caught me wid the skillet,
Caught me wid de lead,
Caught me wid the gal, makin' short'nin
bread,
Paid six dollah's fo' de skillet,
Paid six dollah's for de lead,
Spen six month's in jail eatin'
short'nin bread.

80.

RISE AND SHINE.

Oh, rise an' shine, an' give God de
glory, glory,
Rise an' shine, an' give God de glory,
glory,
Rise an' shine an' give God de glory,
glory,
For de year of Juberlee.

Oh, come on, mourners, get you ready,
ready,
Come on, mourners, get you ready, ready,
For de year ob jubilee;
Oh, come on, children, don't be weary,
weary,
Come on, children, don't be weary, weary,
For de year ob jubilee.

81. SWING DOSE GATES AJAR.

Oh, what will you do when de great day
comes?
Swing dose gates ajar,
When Gabriel's horn shall wake the tombs?
Swing dose gates ajar,
You must have a check or you can't get
past,
Swing dose gates ajar,
Ole Pete's got de keys and he holds dem
fast,
Oh, swing dose gates ajar.

Chorus:

Swing 'em open Honey, Swing 'em wide and
far,
De bells will ring and angels sing,
Oh, swing dose gates ajar,
Oh, swing 'em open, Honey, Oh, swing 'em
wide and far,
De bells will ring and angels sing,
Oh, swing dose gates ajar.

Oh, what am you sinners agwine to do?
You'll find Ole Pete won't let you through,
Don't cry, cause de golden gate won't fall
When Pete ain't around you can jump de wall.

De white folks dey brag but in days way
back,
Ole Eve and Adam both were black,
Dey sinned 'gainst de Lord and he showed
his might,
It skeered dem so bad dey bofe turned
white.

82. GO DOWN, MOSES.

When Israel was in Egypt's land;
Let my people go,
Oppressed so har they could not stand,
Let my people go.

Chorus:

Go down, Moses, 'Way down in Egypt's land,
Tell ole Pharaoh, Let my people go.

Thus saith the Lord, bold Moses said,
Let my people go,
If not, I'll smite your first-born dead,
Let my people go.

No more shall they in bondage toil,
Let my people go,
Let them come out with Egypt's spoil,
Let my people go.

83. RIVER, STAY 'WAY FROM MY DOOR.

You're just a lonely little river,
But I have heard somebody say
That some day you may
Sweep my home away -
So roll along, you lonely river,
And find your way out to the sea
I don't bother you
Don't you bother me:

Chorus:

You keep goin' your way,
I'll keep goin' my way,
River, stay 'way from my door,
I just got a cabin
You don't need my cabin
River, stay 'way from my door.
Don't come up any higher,
I'm so all alone
Leave my bed and my fire
That's all I own,
I ain't breakin' your heart,
Don't start breakin' my heart
River, stay 'way from my door.

There ain't no use in you pretendin'
That you don't hear me 'cause you do
And you know its you
That I'm talkin' to
If you don't stop 'twill be the endin'
I'm beggin' you on bended knees
Just leave me alone
Won't you listen please:

84. OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

'Way down upon de Swanee ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere's where my heart is turning ebber,
Dere's where de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.
All de world am sad and dreary,
Ev'rywhere I roam,
O darkies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

.....

84.

All 'round de little farm I wandered
When I was young,
Dere many happy days I squandered,
Many de songs I sung.
One little hut among de bushes,
One dat I love,
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove.
All de world, etc.

When I was playing wid my brudder
Happy was I,
Oh! take me to my kind old mudder,
Dere let me lib and die.
When shall I see de bees a-hummin'
All 'round de comb?
When shall I hear de banjo tummin'
Down in my good old home?
All de world, etc.

85. MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky
home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corntop's ripe, and the meadow's in
the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin
floor,
All merry, all happy and bright;
By'm bye hard times comes a-knocking at
the door,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!
Weep no more, my lady,
Oh, weep no more today;
We will sing one song for the old
Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home, far away.

They hunt no more for the 'possum and
the 'coon,
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the
moon
On the bench by the old cabin door.
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the
heart,
With sorrow, where all was delight:
The time has come when the darkies have
to part -
Then- my old Kentucky home, good night!
Weep no more, my lady, etc.

85.

The head must bow, and the back will
have to bend,
Wherever the darky may go;
A few more days, and the trouble all will
end,
In the field where the sugar-canes grow.
A few more days for to tote the weary
load:
No matter, 'twill never be light;
A few more days till we totter on the
road -
Then - my old Kentucky home, good night!
Weep no more, my lady, etc.

86.

OH, SUSANNA.

I came from Alabama
With my banjo on my knee,
I'm going to Louisiana,
My Susanna for to see.
It rained all day the night I left,
The weather was so dry,
The sun so hot I froze myself,
Susanna, don't you cry.
Oh, Susanna!
Oh, don't you cry for me,
For I come from Alabama
With my banjo on my knee.

I jumped aboard de telegraph,
And trabbled down de ribber,
De 'lectric fluid magnified,
And killed five hundred nigger.
De bullgine bust, de horse run off,
I really thought I'd die;
I shut my eyes to hold my breath,
Susanna, don't you cry.
Oh, Susanna! etc.

I had a dream the other night,
When everything was still,
I thought I saw Susanna come
A-saunt'ring down the hill.
The red, red rose was in her hand,
The tear was in her eye,
I said: "I come from Dixie-land,
Susanna, don't you cry."
Oh, Susanna! etc.

.....

86.

I soon will be in New Orleans,
And den I'll look all round,
And when I find Susanna
I will fall upon de ground.
And if I do not find her,
Dis darky'll surely die,
And when I'm dead and buried,
Susanna, don't you cry.
Oh, Susanna! etc.

87. CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY.

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There's where the cotton and the corn
and tatoes grow,
There's where the birds warble sweet in
the spring-time,
There's where the old darky's heart am
long'd to go;
There's where I laboured so hard for old
Massa,
Day after day in the field of yellow corn,
No place on earth do I love more sincerely
Than old Virginny, the State where I was
born.

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There's where the cotton and the corn
and tatoes grow,
There's where the birds warble sweet
in the spring-time,
There's where this old darky's heart
am long'd to go.

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There let me live till I wither and
decay,
Long by the old Dismal Swamp have I
wandered,
There's where this old darky's life will
pass away.
Massa and Missis have long gone before
me,
Soon we will meet on that bright and
golden shore,
There we'll be happy and free from all
sorrow.
There's where we'll meet and we'll never
part no more.

Carry me back, etc.

88.

LOVELY EVENING.

1. Oh, how lovely is the evening, is the
evening,
2. When the bells are sweetly ringing,
sweetly ringing,
3. Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong.

89.

ROW YOUR BOAT.

1. Row, row, row your boat
2. Gently down the stream,
3. Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily,
4. Life is but a dream.

90.

EN PASSANT PAR LA LORRAINE.

En passant par la Lorraine,
Avec mes sabots, -
En passant par la Lorraine,
Avec mes sabots, -
Rencontrai trois ca pitaines,
Avec mes sabots dondaine,
Oh, oh, oh!
Avec mes sabots! -

Ils m'ont appelle vilaine,
Avec mes sabots,
Je ne suis pas si vilaine
Avec mes sabots dondaine,
Oh, oh, oh! Avec mes sabots!

Car le prince de Lorraine,
Avec mes sabots,;
M'a donne pour mes etrennes
Avec mes sabots dondaine,
Oh, oh, oh! Avec mes sabots!

Un bouquet de marjolaine,
Avec mes sabots,;
S'il m'epous' je serai Reine
Avec mes sabots dondaine,
Oh, oh, oh! Avec mes sabots!

91. C'EST L'AVIRON QUI NOUS
MENE EN HAUT

M'en revenant de la jolie Rochelle,
M'en revenant de la jolie Rochelle,
J'ai rencontre trois jolies demoiselles,
C'est l'aviron qui nous mene, qui nous
mene,
C'est l'aviron qui nous mene en haut.

J'ai recontre trois jolies demoiselles;
J'ai point choisi, mais j'ai pris la plus
belle.

C'est l'aviron, etc.
J'ly fis monter derrier' moi, sur ma selle,
C'est l'aviron, etc.

J'y fis cent lieues sans parler avec elle,
C'est l'aviron, etc.
Je l'ai menee au pres d'une fontaine.
C'est l'aviron, etc.

Quand ell' fut la, ell' ne voulut point
boire;
Je l'ai menee au logis de son pere.
C'est l'aviron, etc.

Quand ell' fut la, ell' buvait a plein
verre;
A la sante de son pere et sa mere.
C'est l'aviron, etc.

A la sante de ses soeurs et ses freres;
A la sante d'celui que son coeur aime.
C'est l'aviron, etc.

92. A LA CLAIRE FONTAINE.

A la claire fontaine
M'en allant promener,
J'ai trouve l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigne.

Chorus:

Lui y'a longtemps que je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

Sous les feuilles d'un chene,
Je me suis fait secher;
Sur la plus haute branche
Le rossignol chantait.

92.

Chante, rossignol, chante,
Toi qui as le coeur gai;
Tu as le coeur a rire,
Moi, je l'ai-t-a pleurer.

J'ai perdu ma maitresse,
Sans l'avoir merite,
Pour un bouquet de roses,
Que je lui refusai.

Je voudrais que la rose,
Fut encore au rosier,
Et moi et ma maitresse
Dans les mem's amities.

93. EN ROULANT MA BOULE ROULANT.

En roulant ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule.
En roulant ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule.

Derrier' chez nous, ya-t-un etang,
En roulant ma boule.
Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule.

Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant,
En roulant ma boule.
Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,
Rouli, etc.

Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,
En roulant ma boule.
Avec son grand fusil d'argent,
Rouli, etc.

Avec son grand fusil d'argent,
En roulant ma boule.
Visa le noie, tua le blanc,
Rouli, etc.

94. VIVE LA CANADIENNE!

Vive la Canadienne!
Vole, mon coeur, vole!
Vive la Canadienne
Et ses jolis yeux doux,
Et ses jolis yeux doux, doux, doux,
Et ses jolis yeux doux.

Nous la Meons aux noces,
Vole, mon coeur, vole!
Nous la menons aux noces
Dans tous ses beaux atours, etc.

La, nous jasons sans gene,
Vole, mon coeur, vole!
La, nous jasons sans gene;
Nous nous amusons tous, etc.

Nous faisons bonne chair,
Vole, mon coeur, vole!
Nous faisons bonne chair,
Et nous avons bon gout, etc.

On danse avec nos blondes,
Vole, mon coeur, vole!
On danse avec nos blondes;
Nous changeons tour a tour, etc.

Ainsi le temps se passe,
Vole, mon coeur, vole!
Ainsi le temps se passe;
Il est vraiment bien doux, etc.